# FOLLY.

A

# POEM.

Written by the AUTHOR of
The FEMALE RAKE, and RAKE of TASTE.

*Qui fit, Mæcenas, ut nemo quam ſibi ſortem*
*Seu ratio dederit, ſeu fors Objecerit, illâ*
*Contentus vivat? laudet diverſa Sequentes?* Horace.

*LONDON:*

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe*, in *Pater-Noſtre-Row.*

M. DCC. XXXVII.

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# POEM.

ENough, my Muſe, 'tis time to lay aſide
Thy uſeleſs ſatyr, upon vice and pride:
*Folly*, we find, is of the *Hydra* race,
One head lopp'd off, another head takes place.

Examine life, in ev'ry diff'rent ſtage,
In childhood, puberty, and waneing age;

In ſapleſs trunks, which to the grave incline,
Where ſilver'd hairs, with fourſcore Winters ſhine:
Look thro' the world; examine man by man;
View ev'ry ſtation; ev'ry action ſcan;
*Folly*, you'll ſee, each individual guides,
O'er ev'ry age, o'er ev'ry ſtate preſides.
The child's amuſements only change their name;
The infant's temper, and the man's the ſame:
The paſſions, equally, in both are ſtrong,
And both, with vehemence, purſue what's wrong.

The child, the youth; the youth to manhood [ſgrown.
Are fond of trifles, and to anger prone;
Alike are fickle, and alike deſpiſe
When once obtain'd, what once they moſt did prize.

Tho' diff'rent objects may engroſs the ſoul,
Still, in the orb of Folly, on we rowl;
The rattle ſtill has charms, and rip'ning age,
But ſinks the bawble in the equipage:

Elate

Elate the youth the gilded chariot views,
And ſhews this toy, as late he ſhew'd new ſhoes;
We ask not, now, where pretty maſter's fine,
We ſee the ſquire, we ſee his lackies ſhine.
From different ſprings his youthful pleaſures riſe;
Fond to cauſe wonder, and attract our eyes,
His happineſs is plac'd in other's thought;
And the world's ſentiments are dearly bought:
Why this expence and ſhew? to gain th' eſteem
Of being, really, what we ſtrive to ſeem;
Thus ſtarving *Codrus*, with th' unhappy itch,
Of being thought, by other people, rich,
Set out with ſhew, was ſeen among the great,
And for opinion, ſpent his whole eſtate:
*Codrus* was deaf to all his friends could ſay,
Flew into paſſion, and would have his way.
Thus infants taken with a glitt'ring knife,
Can ſee no danger, know no riſque of life;
Eager they reach at what has pleas'd their eyes,
If kindly croſs'd, what ſudden ſtorms ariſe!

Strangers

Strangers to conſequence, the knife withheld,
The eyes are fill'd, the under lip is ſwell'd;
Deep ſobs ſucceed, th' extended heart will riſe,
And rage expreſs itſelf, in eager cries.
So men, ſhort-ſighted, gay ideas form,
And in purſuit of fancy'd bliſs grow warm;
View ſtill the pleaſing ſide, but never dare
To ask how rational their projects are,
Leſt god-like Reaſon ſhould deſtroy their ſchemes,
And mar the pleaſure of their waking dreams:
Charm'd with ſuch views as gratify the ſenſe,
We'll only ſee the wiſh'd-for conſequence;
Tho' ſure deſtruction ſtares us in the face,
We ſhut our eyes, and, fond, purſue the chace:
If providence does kindly interpoſe,
And thwarting, ſaves us from a Sea of woes,
How do we ſtorm, how curſe our wayward fate,
And make e'en Heav'n the object of our hate!

Fools that we are, we've all one point in view,
Yet the ſame end, by different paths purſue;

But

But few, alas! can reach the happy goal,
As moſt, thro' roads of blund'ring error ſtrole;
The cauſe is plain, we Reaſon's aid refuſe,
And for our guides, our blind affections chuſe.
How ſtupid is mankind; how ſtrangely weak;
We eager flie the happineſs we ſeek!
The means of happineſs to all are giv'n,
Wou'd we accept the bounteous dole of Heav'n;
Wou'd we remonſtrance from our reaſon bear,
And truſt that wiſdom which has plac'd us here;
Wou'd we believe that he who fram'd this ball
Knows beſt our wants, and will ſupply them all;
At leaſt, as far as Wiſdom will permit,
Which beſt muſt know, what for each ſtation's fit.
But no; we, proud and obſtinate, refuſe
The good he offers with a hand profuſe;
Govern'd by paſſions, and, miſled by pride,
We daſh the profer'd happineſs aſide:
The infant thus rejects its wholeſome food,
And cries for traſh, which muſt corrupt his blood.

Or, if we own the bliſs, we ſoon are cloy'd,
And pine for ſomething elſe we've not enjoy'd;
In that alone, our happineſs is plac'd,
What we poſſeſs, we can no longer taſte;
Cou'd I obtain this object of deſire,
There's nothing more, on earth, I would require:
The wiſh is gratify'd, experience ſhews
Fruition never to ideas roſe.
Baulk'd in my hopes, this object I deſpiſe,
And on ſome other fix my roving eyes:
This is, I'm ſure, with happineſs replete,
But this enjoy'd, I find as great a cheat.
The infant-ſtate here riſes to our view,
Children with eagerneſs ſome toy purſue;
Which, when obtain'd, immediately they ſlight,
And on ſome other bawble fix their ſight.

Of large poſſeſſions *Attalus* is lord,
Enjoys whate'er may happineſs afford;
His health is good, and faultleſs is his form,
Bleſs'd with a wife, who might an anch'rite warm:

To

To charms uncommon, has the matron joyn'd,
The far ſuperior beauties of the mind;
Lovely as truth, beneficent diſcreet,
In her the virtues, and the graces meet.
View her in each capacity of life,
As mother, miſtreſs, neighbour, Friend or wife,
In no one duty an *Hiatus*' ſeen;
Tender, humane, obſervant, kind, ſerene;
Courteous to all, tho' chearful, yet reſerv'd,
Commands with mildneſs, and with pleaſure's ſerv'd.
Tho' Fortune ſwells his ſails with kindly breeze,
Th' unhappy *Attalus* is not at eaſe;
With ſuch a wife, bleſs'd with a lovely race,
He inward pines; for what? Why e'en for place.
His large eſtates no happineſs afford;
He ſhould be happy, were he made---a lord;
What ſignify the trifles now poſſeſt,
The great and pow'rful are the only bleſs'd:
Better at court, a mean attendance pay,
Than in the country have whole towns obey;

Better

Better at Court, tho' treated with neglect,
Than in the country meet a due reſpect.

This Folly ſeiz'd on poor *Ventidius'* brains,
And made him barter liberty for chains;
He flatters peaſants firſt, a ſervile crew,
(But what's ſo mean, th' ambitious will not do?)
Drinks with a cobler, to a tinker bows,
Asks how his children do, how fares his ſpouſe?
Prays that his ſervice may not be forgot,
And calls, for honeſt *Tom*, another pot.
Succeſs attends him, and his fawning arts
With bribes attended, gain the peaſants hearts.
A ſenator now made, he wary, views
Which party's propereſt for him to chuſe;
If on the country's ſide he ſhould declare,
Or join the other, and the plunder ſhare;
For then, not now, the miniſtry were known
To value no one's intereſt, but their own.
With boundleſs views of poſts, and boundleſs gains,
He keeps no meaſures, and he ſpares no pains;

Fawns

Fawns on the ſtateſman, and obſequious pays
His conſtant court on all the levy days;
For offer'd ſervice he a ſmile receives,
But ſtill no poſt the crafty ſtateſman gives.
*Ventidius* ſaw he was not yet of note,
That he had giv'n, where he'd have ſold his vote,
And in revenge, reſolves to turn his coat.
This change with little trouble he'll excuſe,
He did not like the miniſterial views;
While they were juſt, he was the ſtateſman's friend;
But as he finds, they to oppreſſion tend,
His truſt he'll not, for private ends betray,
Nor complement the people's rights away.
Now keen reſentment warms the patron's breaſt,
The nation is, with needleſs loads, oppreſs'd,
By wicked miniſters the people's drain'd;
The *Engliſh* glory by their conduct ſtain'd;
Thus in the ſenate did he ſtretch his throat,
And blunder'd out, what abler men had wrote.

But not to farther trace the dirty ſtory,
Let us now view him in the height of glory;
After long toil, his wiſhes are compleat,
He rules the helm, and is as rich as great.
In pomp and pow'r all happineſs he fix'd,
But found new cares, were with new honours mix'd;
That ſweet repoſe, which the contented find,
Th' invaluable calm, and peace of mind,
Which rural ſcenes, and innocence afford,
He wiſh'd, alas! but wiſh'd in vain reſtor'd;
His grandeur oft with wat'ry eyes he'd own,
Was golden gyves his folly had put on.
Envy'd by fools, he liv'd a glorious ſlave,
And found no quiet till he reach'd the grave.

*Martius* another ſort of folly ſeiz'd,
With ſplendor of a court, this youth's not pleas'd,
Nor town nor country ſatisfaction yield,
He thirſts for laurels in the bloody field.

In

In deathleſs Fame, the hero's bliſs is plac'd,
Which by no envy, by no times effac'd.
His glorious deeds by future ages read,
Is mighty ſatisfaction when he's dead.
Howe'er, the youth touch'd with the thirſt of Fame,
Wou'd ſtake his life, to raiſe himſelf a name.
Deaf to advice, remonſtrances are vain,
He flies his eaſe, to go in ſearch of pain,
And comes with ſafety from his firſt campaign.
Fond of applauſe, and with ſucceſs elate,
He takes the field, and tempts again his fate:
There full of glory, but all o'er one wound,
His mangled corps among the dead is found;
Deep in the hoſtile ranks he cut his way,
And heaps of ſlaughter'd foes around him lay.
'Twas thus the rich, the noble *Martius* fell,
And left his tale for wiſer men to tell.

*Blennus* whoſe ſenſe allows undoubted claim,
To all the favours of the fickle dame;

Her

Her fav'rite ſon, in fertile manors rich;
*Blennus* was taken with the ſcribbling itch:
By folly ſteer'd, he ſails in ſearch of praiſe,
And hopes to gain it by his deathleſs lays;
But the blind pilot, wreck'd him on a ſhelf,
The lines he wrote, prov'd ſatyrs on himſelf.

A fleeting ſhade not only do we chace,
While in wrong objects happineſs we place,
But thoughtleſs means purſue, which ever tend
To bear us farther from our wiſh'd-for end.

Diſtant reſpect, alone, can MUKEES pleaſe,
A wretch juſt ſtarted from the people's lees,
Proud of the title which his father bought,
He airs aſſumes, and wou'd be noble thought;
(That badge of virtue, præmium of the brave,
Sunk to the purchaſe of each mony'd ſlave!)
In make, a porter, and in ſenſe an aſs,
He practices, each day, before his glaſs;

Puts

Puts on the haughty look, the ſcornful ſneer,
The piercing glance, and the diſcovering leer;
Majeſtick ſtruts, and vainly fancies all,
Before the golden calf, muſt proſtrate fall.
With crabbed letters who wou'd plague his head,
Who but the wretch, who ſtudies for his bread.

Now, to another ſpecies turn our eyes,
For fools on fools, like ſwarms of ſummer flies,
Croud on my thoughts, and in profuſion riſe.
See poor *Avarus*, with a ſickly light,
Watching his bags, wear out the tedious night;
With barricaded doors, a ſlave to fears,
He ſtarts, he trembles at each noiſe he hears;
His wounded brains immediately preſent,
The bloody thief upon his murder bent.

This wretch in ſearch of happineſs, is ſure,
Ten thouſand more, wou'd happineſs ſecure;

Ten thouſand more are got: Art eaſy? No,
He wants ten thouſand yet, to make him ſo.

By paſſion led, he happineſs foregoes,
And dives for happineſs in ſeas of woes;
Flies profer'd eaſe, fondly a ſhade purſues,
And for this ſhadow does the ſubſtance loſe.
By folly prompted to encreaſe his ſtore,
He ſtarves to-day, to-morrow to have more,
And to die rich, lives curſt, deſpis'd and poor.
Say, to what end is all this carking care?
To feed the vices of a ſpendthrift heir.
That wealth, which now, thy uſeries amaſs,
He ſoon to other uſerers will paſs:
Nor is he blam'd, in thee is nature dead,
And he muſt præmiums pay, or muſt want bread;
But 'tis no wonder, ſince the love of pelf,
Has wrought thee up to hatred of thyſelf.

Bane of mankind, than tygers worſe, for they,
When forc'd by hunger, only ſeek their prey;

But thou, while brooding o'er an endleſs ſtore,
Doſt by extortions, prey upon the poor.
Bread from the hungry take, from beggars rags,
And heap'ſt up curſes, as thou heap'ſt up bags.
Thou ſuff'reſt more than hermits in their cell,
While they for heav'n abſtain, thou faſt'ſt for hell.

Learn of the ant, thou fool, they hoard no more,
Than what will ſerve them for their winter's ſtore.

Learn of the brute to place thy truſt in heav'n,
And grateful uſe the many bleſſings giv'n.
The lowing beaſts their adoration pay,
And thankfully ſalute the ſpringing day;
On providence rely, and graze the field,
That yields freſh verdure, they new praiſes yield:
Thy ſhew of praiſe is only to enſnare
Some heedleſs man, or fleece ſome wealthy heir:
Thou mock'ſtth'almighty when thou offer'ſt prayer

*F I N I S.*